

AN
EPISTLE

(With a PETITION in it)

TO

Eng. Poetry vol 24.

Sir JOHN BLOUNT, Bart.

One of the DIRECTORS

OF THE

SOUTH-SEA Company.

By N. AMHURST. K

Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetae.

HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for R. FRANKLIN, at the *Sun* in Fleet
street. 1720.

(Price Six-pence.)

REPORT

(With a list of names)

to

the

Committee

on



By

the

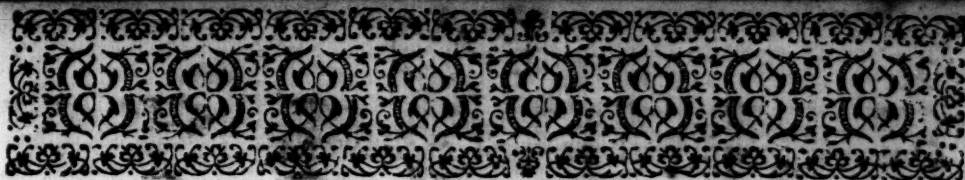
H

London

Printed for the

1790

(Price 2s. 6d.)



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
Sir J O H N B L O U N T, Bar.



W O N D E R not B L O U N T, whose magick
(Hand
Lifts to the Clouds thy native Land,
That in these busy, golden Times,
Thy Ears are teaz'd with trifling Rhimes ;
For it's a common Practice grown
Amongst us Scriblers of the Town,
When Fortune says, poor Rogues ! go whistle,
To some great Man to send Epistle ;

One,

One, that has Will as well as Power,
 To raise Us in a lucky Hour :
 Thus *P*—*or*, sorrowful and lean,
 A Statesman grew, and *S*—*t* a Dean.

WHENEVER therefore, Madam Fame
 Is pleas'd to raise some mighty Name,
 For Service to his Country paid,
 In Battle, Counsel, Law or Trade,
 One of our meagre Order spies him,
 And for his Patron closely plies him ;
 His next New Play to him addresses,
 Hangs on him, flatters and caresses,
 In Panegyrics, Dedications,
 And slips no popular Occasions :
 If he goes Five Miles out of Town,
 The Muse must wait upon him down,
 And in a Fustian, high-flown Ode,
 Conduct him safe upon the Road ;

Nay,

Nay, if the Minion but makes Water,
The World's acquainted with the Matter.

THUS, like a Leech, He keeps his Hold,
Till loosen'd with a Purse of Gold,
Or silenc'd with a little Place;
The only Cures in such a Case!

BUT who'd be publick at this Rate?

Why Faith, Sir, 'tis a wretched State,
Full of Vexation, full of Noise,
And conscious of no humane Joys;
A turbulent, unquiet Scene,
With scarce a peaceful Hour between;
Angels by turns, and *Dæmons* stild,
For ever flatter'd, or revil'd.

To Thee, O BLOUNT, in Fame grown old,
This Truth is needless to be told.

O say, for mighty Schemes renown'd,
 With full Success and Honour crown'd ;
 What anxious Cares disturb thy Breast,
 Neglectful of thy Food and Rest ?
 How are thy weary Hours employ'd,
 Of Sleep, of Ease, and Pleasure void ?
 How does each painful Evening close,
 With begging Friends and railing Foes ?

WHAT Miracles enlarge my Thought,
 By you upon your Country wrought ?
 Forgetting all her Woes and Fears,
 BRITAIN no more with Envy hears
 Of those proud, fabled Streams of old,
 That flow'd o're shining Sands of Gold ;
 Thy Mines, PERU, surprize no more—
 For see ! On ALBION'S happy Shore,
 Far greater Funds of Wealth abound,
 Than in thy sultry Grotts are found ;

Thro'

Thro' every Realm her Credit reigns,
 And *Europe* of its Riches drains.
 The Nation, that distress'd of late,
 With publick Debts, bewail'd her Fate,
 Renew'd in all her ancient Strength,
 Poizes once more the Lance's Length,
 And marches, terrible in War,
 To quel the rude, Blood-thirsty CZAR,
 And crush the * *German Bigot's* Pride,
 With Fleets and Hosts by THREE supply'd.

So MOSES smote the barren Rock,
 (An Emblem of the SOUTH-SEA Stock!)
 Which touch'd with his cælestial Rod,
 Pour'd a full Stream, the Work of God.

O, for the Labours of this Year,
 Thy Toils, Fatigues, and publick Care,

* *The Elector Palatine.*

May'st Thou an Age unharrass'd live,
 New Honours from thy Prince receive,
 And grateful find a sinking Land
 Preserv'd by thy all-skilful Hand!—

BUT still my Business I forget;
 Why, Sir, who pay a Nation's Debt,
 By all the Wonders Thou hast wrought,
Pilgarlick has not got a Groat?
 Oft am I ask'd, NICK, prithee now,
 In *South-Sea Stock* how much hast Thou?
 To which I shake my Ears, and cry,
 D—n it! I've none; the more Fool I!
 For, Sir, 'twould vex a Cat, you know,
 While Riches all around one flow,
 ('Twas poor, old TANTALUS's Case)
 To keep a starving, hungry Face;
 In his new Berlin to behold,
 All flaming with Brocade and Gold,

A Coxcomb loll, who, but last Year,
 A Livery was content to wear,
 Now sumptuously at *Caviack's* dine,
 And drink the very best of Wine ;
Burgundy, Hermitage, Champaign,
 Liquors, that fire the dullest Brain !
 While I perhaps, ill-fated Sinner !
 Want Half a Crown to buy a Dinner,
 Or at a cheap Cook's-Shop regale
 On a *Sheep's-Heart*, and Pot of Ale.
 But, Sir, all this is not the worst,
 Still am I more compleatly curst,
 My old Companions all grown rich,
 Grow proud, and bid me kiss their Breech ;
 When at the Coffee-House we meet,
 Or in the *Alley*, or the Street,
 On me they never cast an Eye,
 But take their Snuff and shoulder by.
 Nay LAURA (which afflicts me most)
 So many Years my constant Toast,

So warmly and so truly lov'd,
 False to our mutual Vows has prov'd;
 Her Fortune chang'd, she changes too,
 (Rich Maids alas! are seldom true!)
 Spurns at my low, *plebeian* Fires,
 And to an Equipage aspires.

WHAT humbly therefore I request,
 (Oh! lay it kindly to your Breast)
 Is, that when next all People flock,
 To get *Subscriptions* to your *Stock*,
 You wou'd be pleas'd, 'tis what I crave,
 Not to forget your humble Slave;
 For tho' with all my Pains and Parts,
 I cannot smooke these *jobbing* Arts,
 Yet, like a certain Popish Tribe,
 Implicitly I would SUBSCRIBE:
Five Hundred, or a Thousand Pound
 In your next List, would make me sound,

Drown

Drown all my Sorrows, if I nick it,
And make me merry as a Cricket.

BUT to your Care, what Claim have I,
On whom you never cast your Eye?
What Worth my self, or worthy Friend,
That can my Person recommend?
Faith not at all—but I am told,
That want of Friends, and want of Gold,
(A Mind so godlike you inherit)
Compensates for the want of Merit:
Just and Unjust, on Friend and Foe,
Like Heav'n, your Favours you bestow.

YOU see, Sir, that I neither flatter,
Nor, like most Poets, mince the Matter,
Who never tell you what they want,
Nor what it is they'd have you grant,
Yet leave an Innuendo still,
That they shall take it bloody ill,

If you don't straitway find out what
The meally Rascals would be at.

BUT how much better would it be,
For every Poet, just like me,
To tell his Meaning at a Word,
I want just Fifty Pounds, my Lord,
Which Sum, if you refuse to give,
I shall eternally believe,
For all, what I have said before,
That you're a sneaking Son of a Wh--re.

THIS would be honest, downright Dealing,
And might deserve a Fellow-feeling;
But when a Blockhead of a Bard
Declares, *He looks for no Reward,*
And that his Lordship's shining Worth
Was the sole Motive on God's Earth,
That made him say, what he has said—
When all this while it was for Bread;

Were

[13]
Were I his Lordship, for the Jest, Sir,
I would not give the Dog a Tester.

For after all, your Dedicators,
Howe're they may disguise their Matters,
Will prove, when they have stood the Test,
But *genteel Mumpers* at the best;
For where's the Difference, prithee say,
If both ask Money, in their Way,
Whether they beg in Prose or Rhime,
In vulgar Gibberish, or sublime?
Your Charity, the Beggar cries,
And shakes his Head, and rolls his Eyes;
BAYS gives indeed a finer Touch,
But still his Words imply as much.
The Beggar coaxes every Donor,
With *Noble Master, dear your Honour!*
Poetick Almsmen do the same,
They tell you of your ancient Fame,

D

How

How long your Family has stood,
An Age, perhaps, before the Flood.
The Beggar, give him but a Penny,
Will wish you Forty Times as many,
Then leave you with a kind Oration——
Just so does every Dedication :
That you may long enjoy your Health,
Long live in Pleasure, and in Wealth,
And late be snatch'd into the Grave,
Is what I still sincerely crave,
Your most devoted, humble Slave.

BUT what from hence do I infer ?
Why only this, illustrious Sir,
That no Man should deny the Trade,
By which his Fortune's to be made ;
That Authors, therefore, in their *Letters*
Dedicatory to their Betters,
Should in plain *English* let them know
How with their Bellies Matters go,

And

And not set Gentlemen the Task
To give them what they never ask.

BUT you, Sir, can't make this Excuse;
And therefore sleep in Peace, my Muse,
Secure that e'er a few Months end,
Relying on so good a Friend,
We both shall leave this servile Garret,
Good Wild-fowl eat, and drink good Claret;
And, since to Him we owe our Wealth,
Never forget Sir JOHN's good Health.

*From my Lodgings up Three
Pair of Stairs, at Mr.
Francklin's, in Fleet-
street; July 15. 1720.*

F I N I S

And

And not for Condemning the Task
To give them when they never ask

But you, Sir, can't make this Inquiry
And therefore keep in Power, my Lady,
Secure that for a few Months yet
Relying on so good a Friend,
We both shall have this Family Dinner
Good Will to all and kind good Wishes
And thus to Him I bow my Wishes



Received of the
Library of the
University of Chicago
July 12 1892

100 100 100 100 100

A

T

A

S

R

W

O

A

I

A

I

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A